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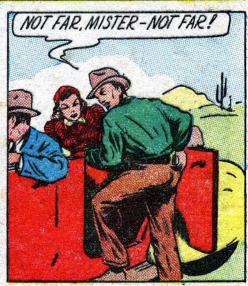














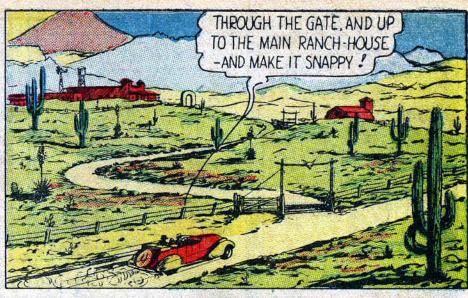




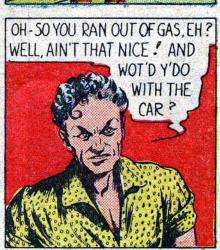


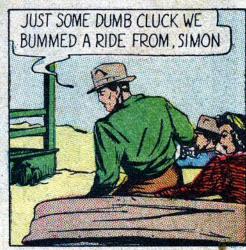
































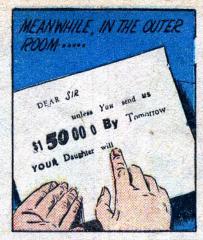






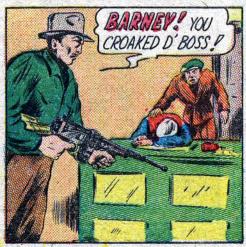




































BUT IN
THE MASTER
BEDROOM,
THE KIPNAP
PED GIRL'S
FATHER IS
AWAKENED
BY A WEIRD
NOISE AT
THE WINDOW
-HE REACHES
FOR HIS
GUN -





























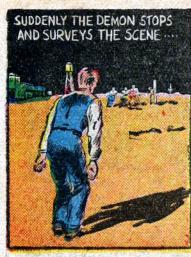










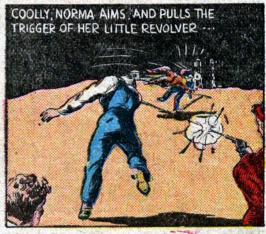










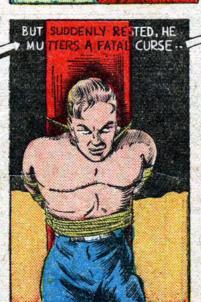






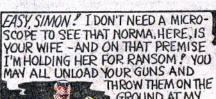






















SIMON -BARNEY - AND YOU WITH THE WHIP - RELEASE THE PEABODY GIRL AT ONCE, OR I'LL CRUSH EVERY BONE IN NORMA'S BODY, AND EMPTY THIS RIFLE ON YOU

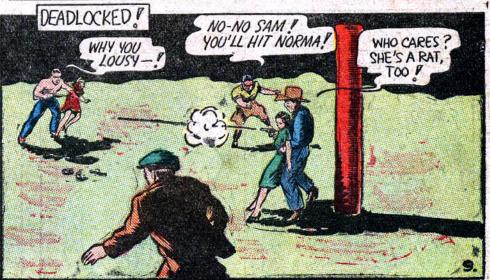


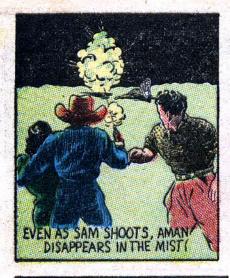


















IT WAS LIKE A DREAM, SERGEANT-I LEMPTIED MY REVOLVER AT HIM, BUT HE JUST SEEMED TO DISSOLVE INTO



YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER
HEARD OF HIM?—HE MUST
BE SOME SORT OF SUPER
MAGICIAN, BUT HE
CERTAINLY HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE CASE—
I'M EXPECTING HIM THIS

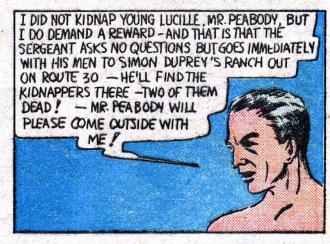




NO, SERGEANT, NOT FIRE - MORE LIKE DYNAMITE ! I'VE COME TO DELIVER MR. PEABODY'S GIRL -PROVIDED HE CAN STAND THE SHOCK!

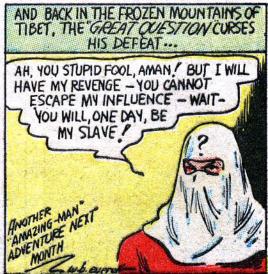


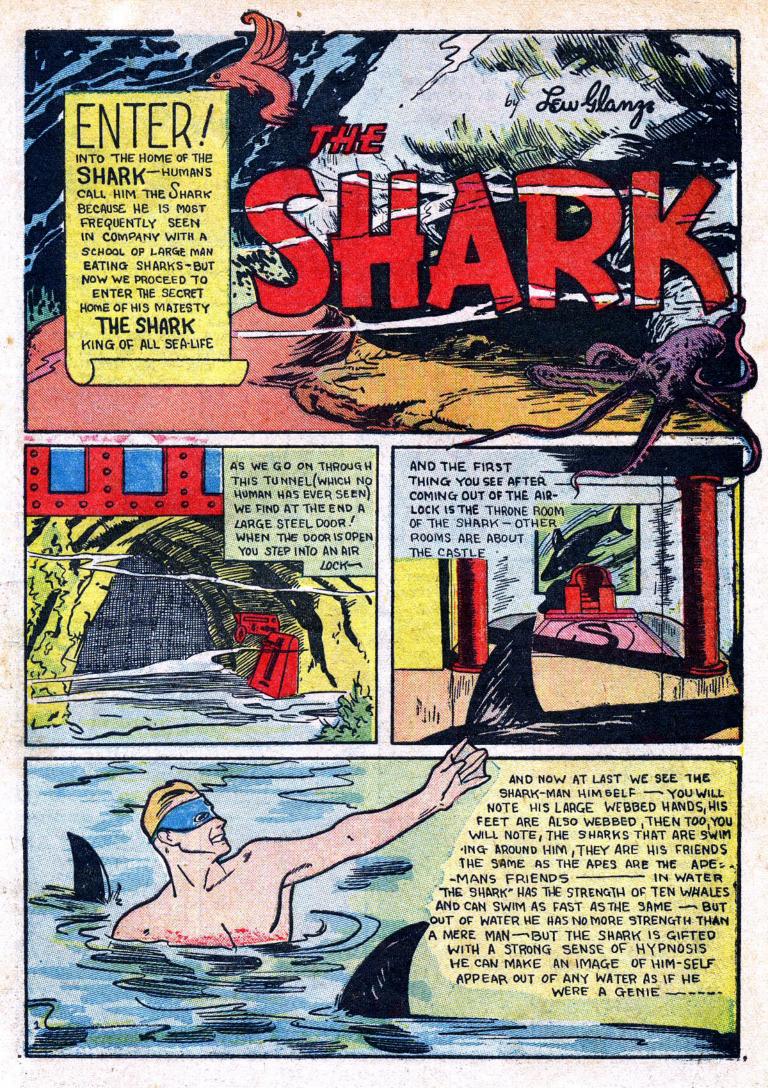
SERGEANT! THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME LAST NIGHT! ONLY-ONLY IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE SAME MAN! WH-WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!

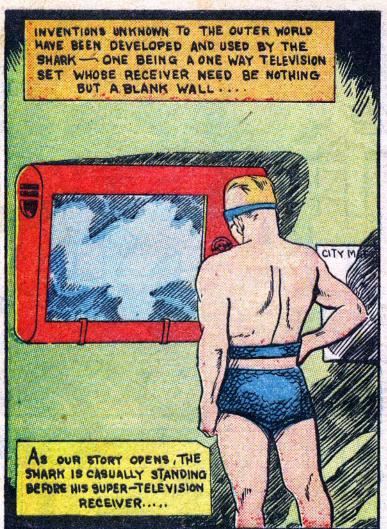


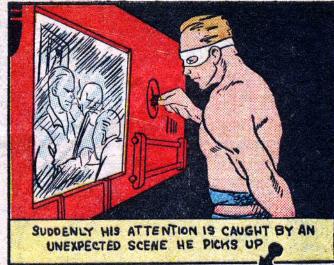






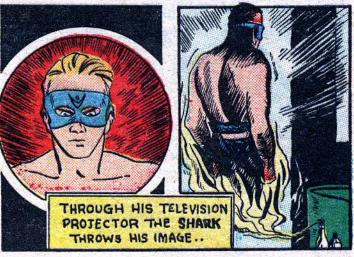






WELL BOSS, THIS IS THE FIFTH BOAT WE'VE BLOWN UP THIS WEEK, THE FURVAINIAN'S ARE SURE TO GO TO WAR ON THE NEXT ONE AND THEN WE COLLECT

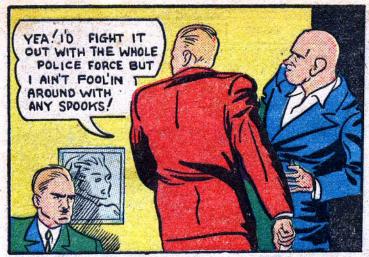












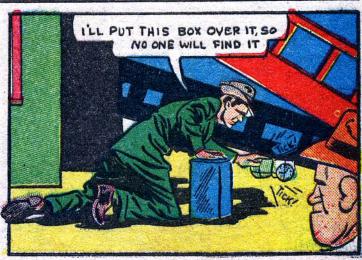








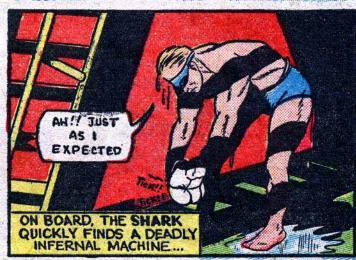




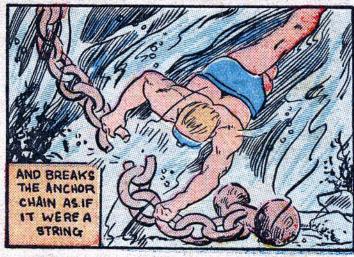






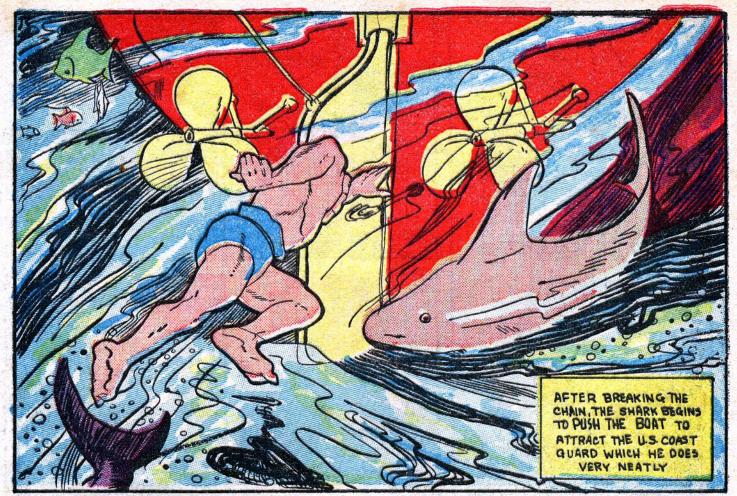




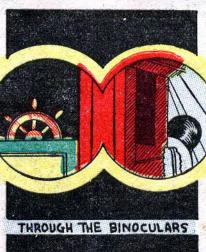










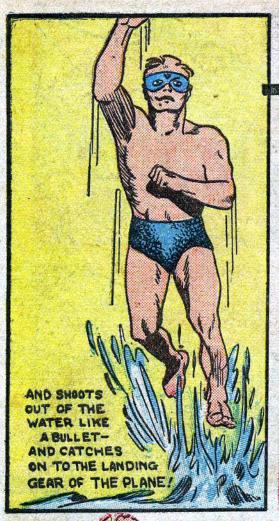


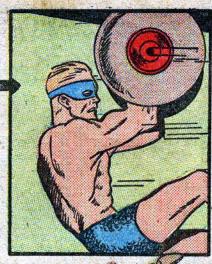












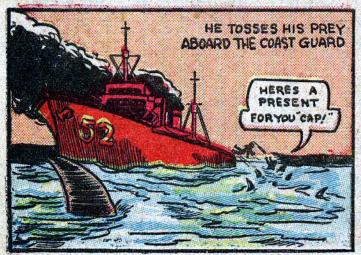














WATCH FOR ANOTHER COMPLETE STORY OF The Shork



































































































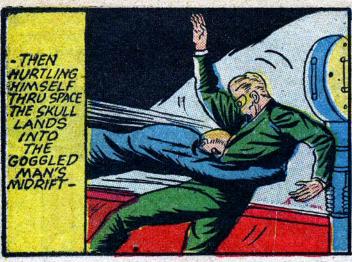








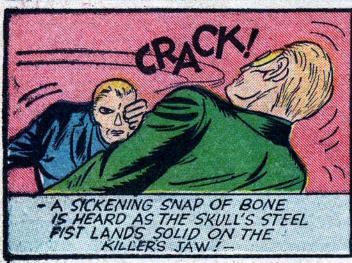






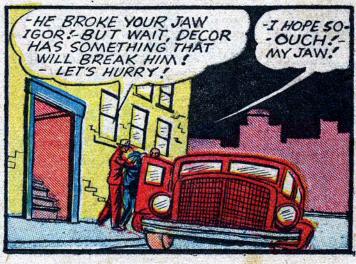






















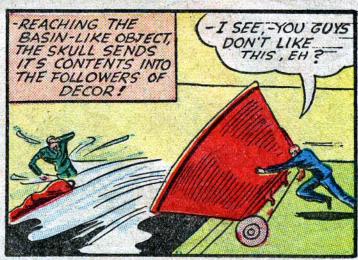


















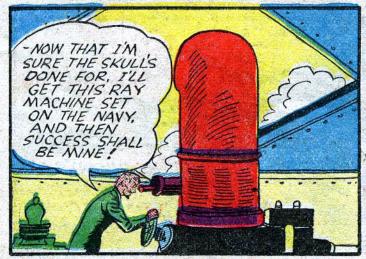


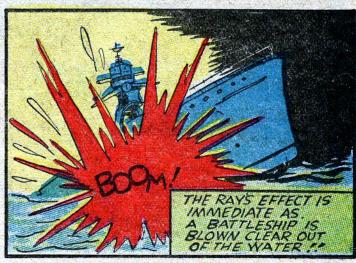








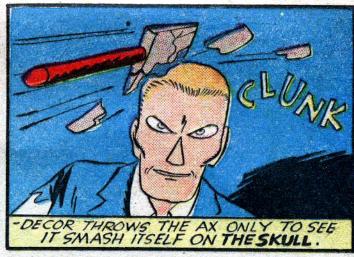




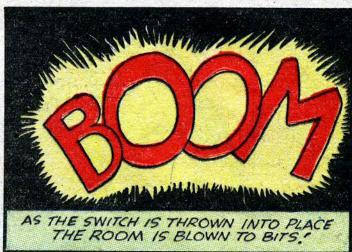












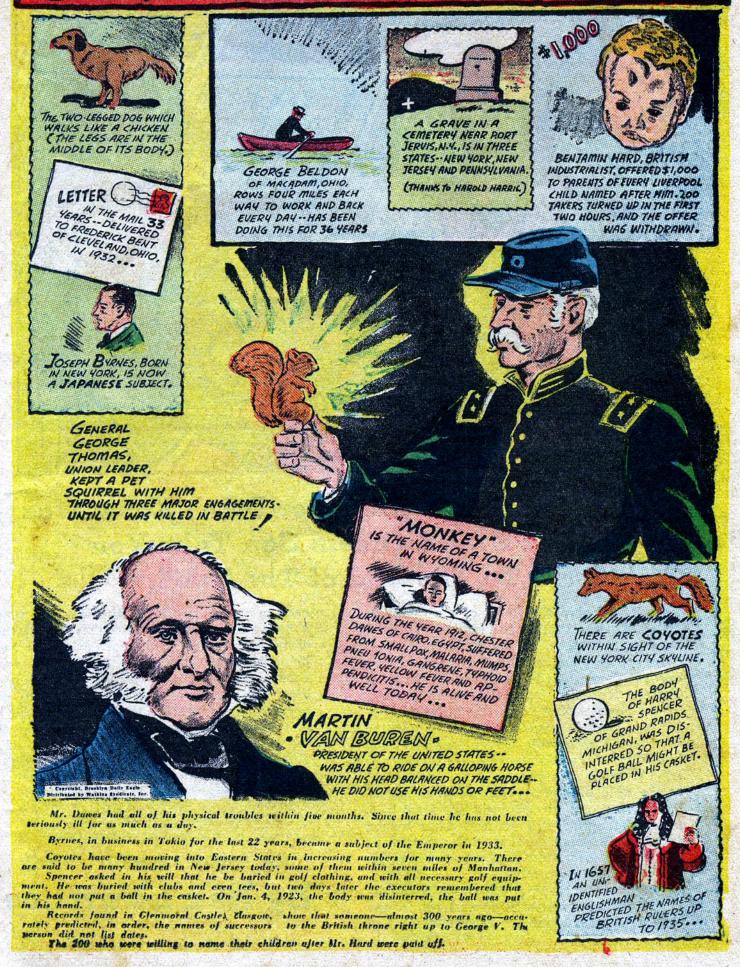








STRANGER than FICTION!



SEALED ORDERS



What The Military Dictator Didn't Know Was That Sealed Orders Can Take You To The End of The Trail!

SPACE ship Number 1 of the Chang-su Military District had taken off silently, at midnight, sailing under sealed orders, and carrying, although unknown to its crew, the most hated commander of the Near Eastern Republic, General Nero Ling-sa.

At an earlier date Ling-sa had been a popular hero, who had worked and fought in the interest of the people he represented. Then he had become ambitious and greedy, and had tried to establish a dictatorship, with himself as the head of a newly formed government. This had turned the people away from him, and although he still controlled the armed forces of the country, there was a movement on foot to capture him, and restore the original republican government.

The plan of escape of Ling-sa was simplicity itself. He intended to sail off in the space ship to a mountain retreat which had been prepared long in advance for just such a contingency, and remain there until the army had mopped up the opposition. He had held the space-ship in readiness, and was about to set off. The sealed orders, which had been given to the commander, were to be opened an hour after the ship had sailed. Everything had apparently worked according to schedule. After sailing, the ship had climbed higher and higher until it was making three-hundred miles per hour at twelve-thousand feet.

An Amazing Short Story
By Rex Lawrence

LING-SA called the commander: "Open the sealed orders, and change the course if necessary." Then for the first time since he had boarded the space-ship, Ling-sa gave more than passing attention to the commander of the ship.

Tall, above the average for the Eastern Republic; straight as a military commander should be, and quick and very quiet in his movements. Dark, heavy goggles covered the eyes of the commander, but as Ling-sa looked at him he seemed to feel that he was gazing into space rather than into the eyes of a pilot-commander. There was something very peculiar about that look. Ling-sa continued to gaze at the commander until it seemed that he would be able to remember every part of his make-up.

"What do you read in the sealed orders?" he asked.

Instead of answering, the commander broke the seal, took an official looking document from the envelope and handed it to Ling-sa. As he did so he removed his goggles and placed them on the table nearby. Gazing steadily at Ling-sa he pointed to the paper containing the instructions for the flight.

"You will find that the instructions read as follows: 'At the time of opening these orders you will be directly over the ocean, three hundred miles from the nearest hangar, at Chang-su, and proceeding out to sea, and traveling at an altitude of twelve-thousand teet, and at an average speed of three-hundred miles per hour. You are directed to increase your speed to the five-hundred mile mark, and climb to fifty-thousand feet. By so doing you will rid our country of a despot, and for yourself gain eternal bliss."

"What is the meaning of such instructions? I gave orders to be taken to my retreat in the mountains. The orders were sealed so that nobody would be able to know my destination."

Then, taking his revolver from a holster under his arm, he pointed it at the now goggle-less commander, and said: "Return to the controls, point your ship as originally ordered, and proceed to your original destination. When we arrive, we shall ascertain how the orders became garbled, and just who it was that introduced the comedy element."

The commander handed the papers to Ling-sa. "You will note," he said, "that the orders are properly made out; that the seal of the Republic is affixed as required by law, and that it is signed by the President of the Republic, and countersigned by Commander-in-chief of our army."

Stepping closer to Ling-sa and opening his blouse he showed his Republican uniform to the astonished general. He continued:



"I am Lt. Quong, of the suicide squad of the Republican Army. It is my business to see that you are taken out to sea, and caused to remain there." Continuing, he said: "This will be accomplished by a simple process. We are fueled for five-thousand miles. We are climbing at the rate of five-thousand feet per thousand miles. Accordingly, when our fuel gives out, we shall be half-way across the ocean, and probably frozen to death by the time we begin to fall. The controls are set by compression, and our course cannot be changed."

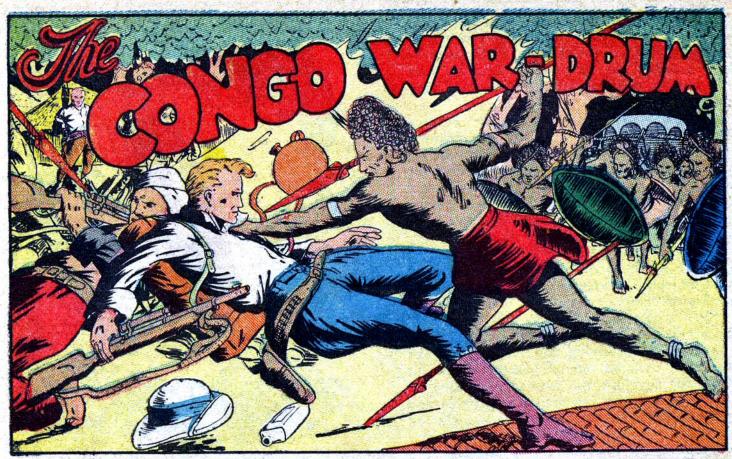
Lt. Quong replaced his goggles, buttoned his blouse, and started toward the door of the cabin. Turning he again addressed himself to Ling-sa.

"Your revolver is useless. You will do well to put it away, and make ready to meet whatever fate awaits you. As for me, I shall make a report, address it to the Commander-inchief of our army, telling him that his orders have been followed. The report will be placed in a space-ship parachute and released when our altitude reaches thirty-thousand feet."

Two weeks later the people of Chang-su were informed that Ling-sa had resigned from the rebel army, and that the rebellion had been put down.

Almost at the same time, a small news item appeared in the press, quoting the High Commander of the Army, stating that space-ship Number 1, assigned to special duty, had disappeared while on a flight at sea.

The End



TRACKING DOWN THE GIANT WAR DRUM BEATERS WHO THUNDERED OUT MESSAGES OF DEATH FOR WHITE MEN, WAS CONGO PATROLMAN SANDY'S JOB-PROVIDED HE COULD FREE HIMSELF FROM THE TRAP HE'D FALLEN IN!

A Thrilling Adventure Illustoried by Paul Gustavson - Episode 2.

COLLECTING HIMSELF FROM THE SUDDEN SURPRISE, SANDY RAISES HIS FOOT AND SENDS ONE OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS SPRAWLING INTO THE ON-RUSHING ONES.









WHILE LABU IS FIGHTING HIS WAY TOWARD











AS LABU RETURNS, HE SEES ONE OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS CRAWLING BEHIND SANDY.
SUDDENLY HE CHARGES -----



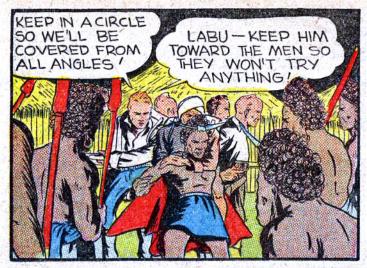
-- BUT LABU'S AIM IS FASTER AND THE HEAD-HUNTER DROPS IN HIS TRACKS.



WE'LL HEAD NORTH NOW TO SEE OUR FRIEND TRADER LAMONT AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS! SELLING GIN TO THESE POOR FOOLS SO THEY'D START ON THE WAR-PATH IS GOING TO PUT HIM IN A NICE MESS! I'LL FIND A WAY TO PROVE IT BEFORE I'M THROUGH! THAT BOTTLE I FOUND CAN BE TRACED TO HIM, BUT I'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO CONVICT HIM.









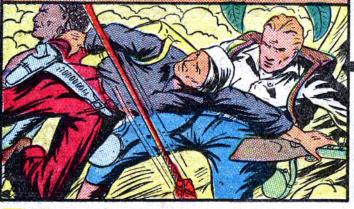
WHILE SANDY, LABU AND THE THREE WHITE PEOPLE HEAD NORTH TOWARD THE OUTPOST OF TRADER LAMONT, THE HEAD-HUNTERS FOLLOW CLOSELY BEHIND—FEARING TO STRIKE BECAUSE OF THEIR CAPTURED KING.



BUT ONE OF THE TRUSTIEST SPEARMEN IS POISED HIGH IN ONE OF THE TREES AND AS THE PARTY PASSES UNDER IT, HE SENDS HIS SPEAR TEARING DOWN AT SANDY!



LABU'S KEEN EYES SPOT THE SPEAR AND HE HURLS HIMSELF AT SANDY KNOCKING HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF IT'S DEADLY PATH.







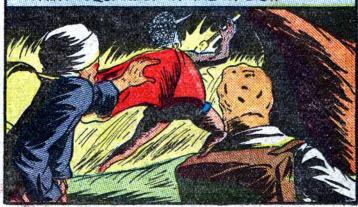




AS SANDY PUTS HIS GUN DOWN AND LETS GO OF HIS ARM, THE KING STARTS TO MAKE A DASH FOR HIS MEN.



BUT A FEW FEET FROM THE SHELTER OF THE FALLEN TREE, ONE OF THE SPEARS STRIKES HIM SQUARELY IN THE CHEST.



GREAT GUNS — MUCH BAD, TUAN!! THEY
KILLED BY HIS KILL KING BUT BLAME
US TO SAVE THEIR
SPIRITS!

I KNOW IT, LABU! WE MAY
HAVE BEEN IN A FIX BEFORE,
BUT THIS WILL BE TEN TIMES
WORSE! THEY'LL STOP AT
NOTHING IF THEY GET IT
INTO THEIR HEADS THAT
IT WAS OUR FAULT!

A WIERD, HAUNTING TUNE ECHOES THROUGH
THE JUNGLE AS THE HEAD-HUNTERS MOVE IN
ON THE PARTY OF WHITE MEN DELIBERATE AND
EXPRESSIONLESS THEY CLOSE IN, AS IF LED BY
SOME UNEARTHLY SPIRIT.











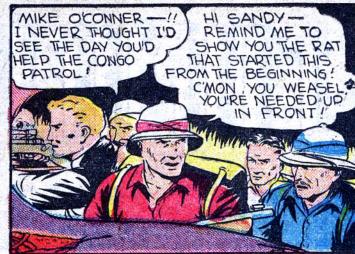


















I KNOW, SANDY —THEY'RE FILLED FULL OF GIN, THAT THIS GUY SOLD THEM, AN' THEY DON'T KNOW HEAD OR TAIL ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING! THESE KNAP-SACKS ARE FULL OF GIN THAT HE WAS GONNA TRADE FOR THE STUFF THEY STOLE WHILE ON THE WAR-PATH! HE WAS GONNA LET 'EM RUB YOU OUT WHILE WE STOOD BY AN' WATCHED! THAT'S THE DOPE, SANDY — AN' IT'LL BE A PLEASURE HAVING A GUY WITH THE STUFF YOU'RE MADE OF, THROW ME IN JAIL INSTEAD OF WORKING FOR





MINIMOGET

MINIATURE

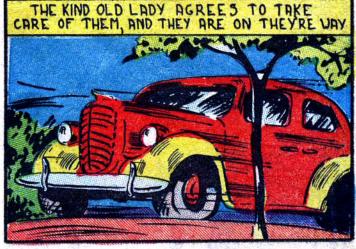
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John F. Kolb













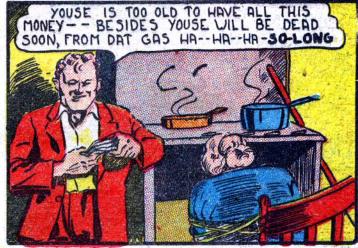


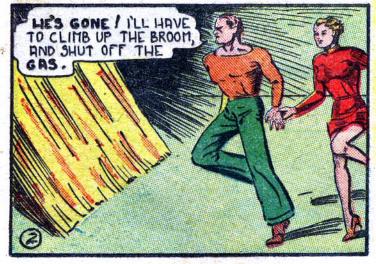
















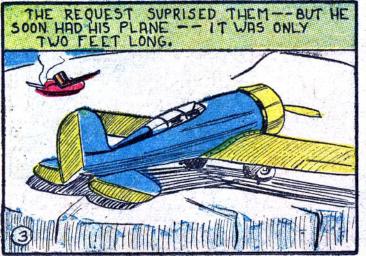




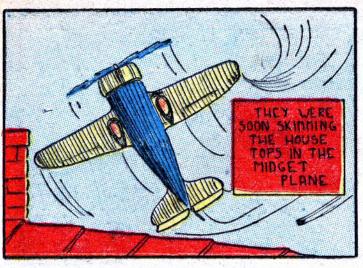


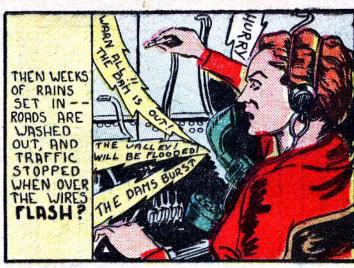














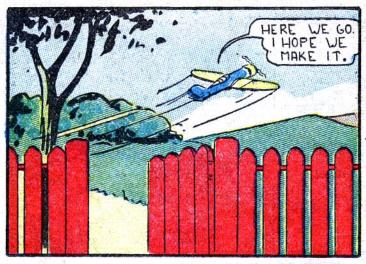




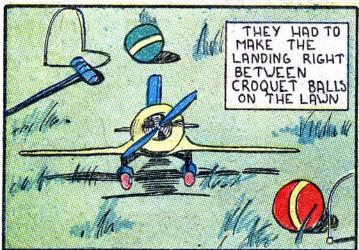






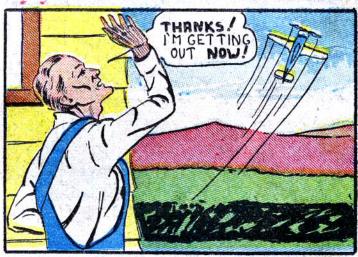




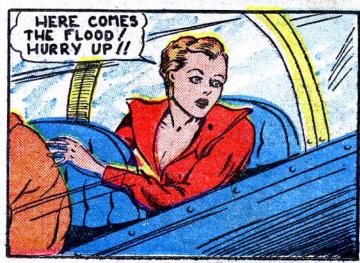


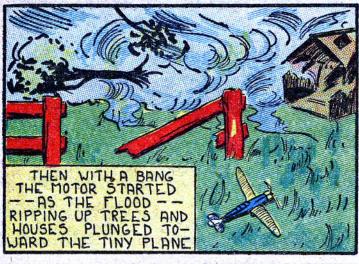




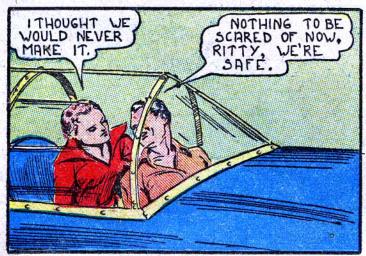


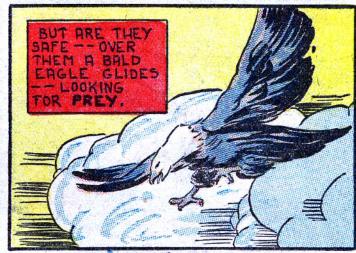


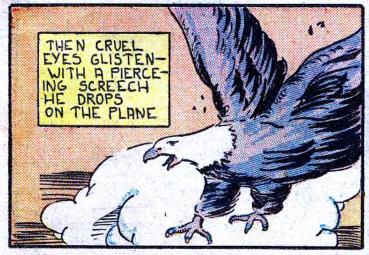


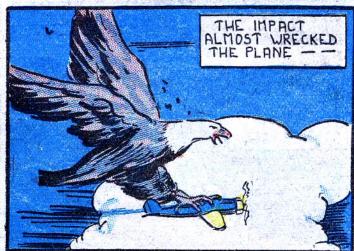


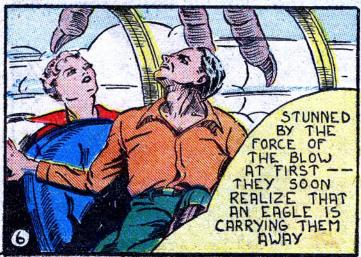




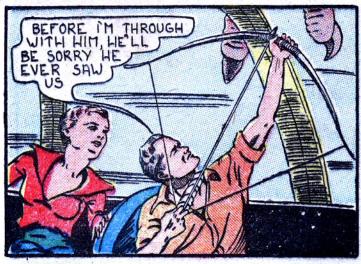




























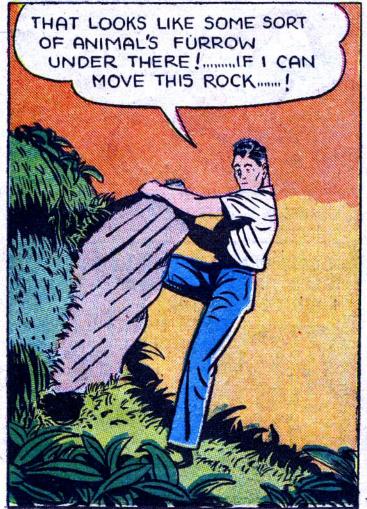
by Frank Thomas

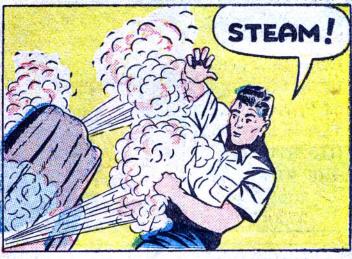
IN THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA

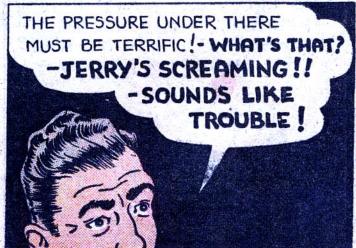
CHUCK AND JERRY
WANDER ABOUT THE
STRANGE LAND OF
AQUATANIA, BELOW
THE OCEAN BOTTOM,
MAYING ESCAPED
THE FROGMEN, JERRY
CLIMBS A TREE IN
AN EFFORT TO
SIGHT WATER!

















CONCENTRATING
ITS STRENGTH
ON A NEW AND
MORE POWERFUL
FOE, THE HUGE
PLANT LOOSENS
ITS HOLD ON
THE EXHAUSTED
GIRL !—

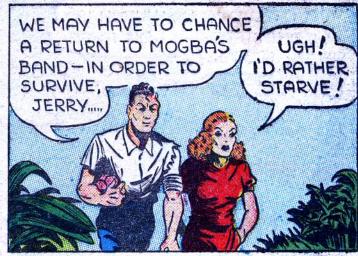






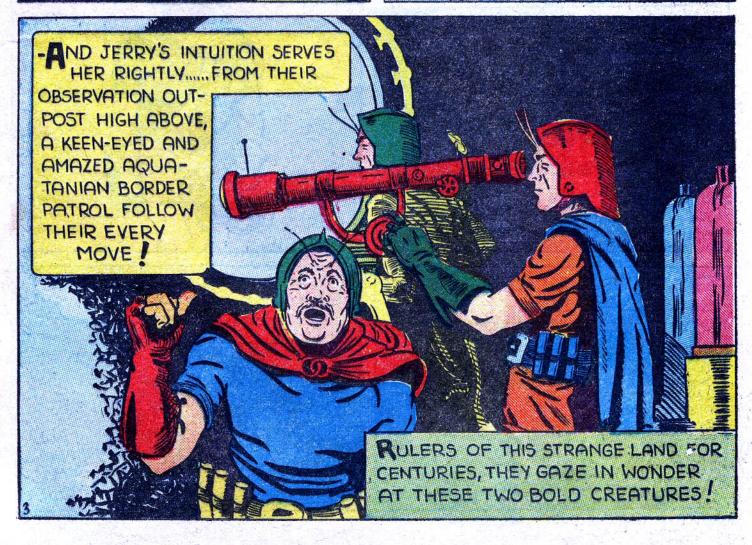






















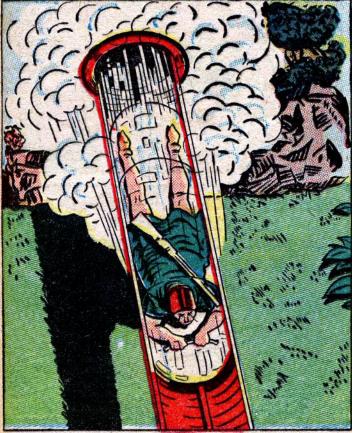




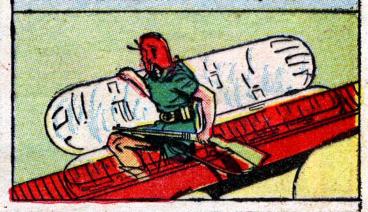




ACCOMPANIED BY A BELCH OF STEAM, MAN-BEARING TRANSPARENT CAPSULES SUDDENLY ZOOM FROM THE OPENING!



-AND SLOW TO A STOP ON THE LOWER PARAPET LEVEL!



-SOLDIERS IN THOSE CAPSULES!
.... AND LOOK AT 'EM COME!!
-ONE RIGHT AFTER
THE OTHER!

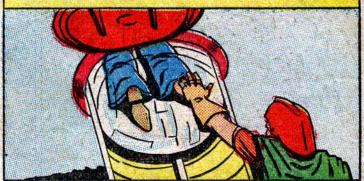


WHY NOT? - WHAT CAN WE LOSE? THERE MAY BE FOOD AT THE OTHER END! C'MON, HOP IN!





AT SHORT INTERVALS, THE CAPSULECARS ARE PUSHED INTO THE LOWER STEAM CHAMBER AND THE PRESSURE RELEASED







JERRY'S CAPSULECAR FLASHES DOWN THE PARAPET A FEW MINUTES LATER!

OKAY, JERRY? FINE! - THAT WAS

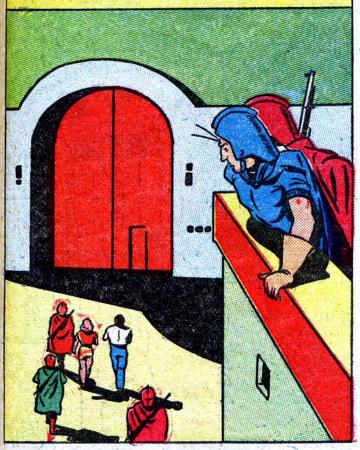
BETTER THAN ANYTHING

AT CONEY ISLAND! - NOW,

LET'S MAKE OUR BID FOR

SOME FOOD!

QUICKLY SENSING HIS CAPTIVES'
HUNGER, THE PATROL CAPTAIN LEADS
THEM TO HIS OWN BARRACK KITCHENS.





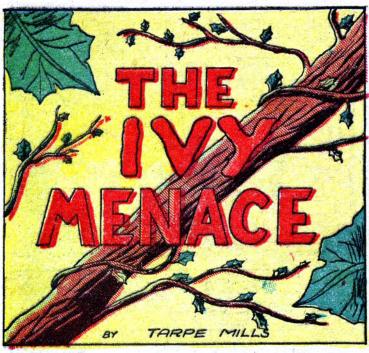




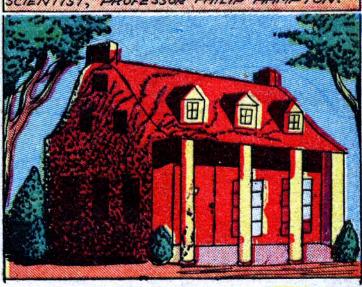


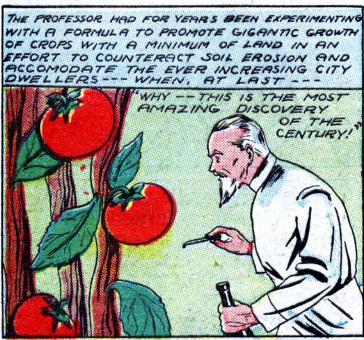


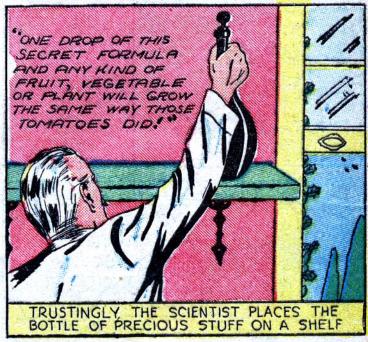




ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN OF HANLON, NEW VERSEY, IS A LOVELY IVY COVERED OLD MANSION BELONGING TO THE FAMED SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR PHILIP HAMPTON.



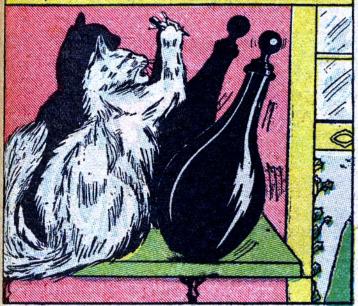








LEAPING TO THE SHELF IN ORDER TO SNARE THE INSECT, THE CAT TIPS THE BOTTLE OF FORMULA.



THERE IS A LOUD CRASH AS THE BOTTLE SHATTERS TO BITS ON THE WINDOW SILL, POURING ITS PRECIOUS CONTENTS DOWN THE IVY COVERED WALL



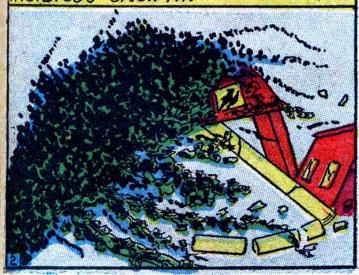
WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE ENTIRE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE WRITHING, CRAWLING PLANT AS THE PROFESSOR VAINLY SEEKS TO ESCAPE THE STRANGLING VINES.



GREAT SCOTTI

HUGE BRANCHES OF IVY ARE RAPIDLY CRAWLING UP THE WALLS AND IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS AND CREVICES.

TEN MINUTES LATER THE MANSION IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED AS WALL AFTER WALL COLLAPSES WITH THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT AND UNDERMINING OF THIS INSIDIOUS GROWTH.

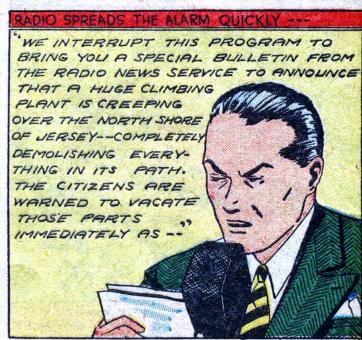












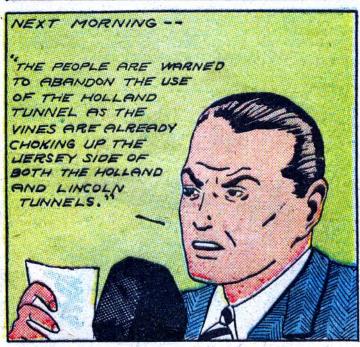


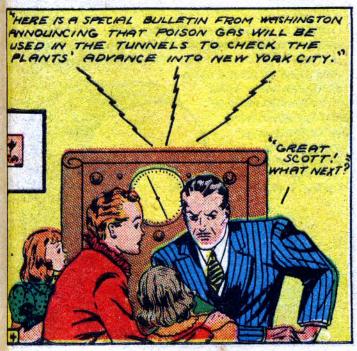


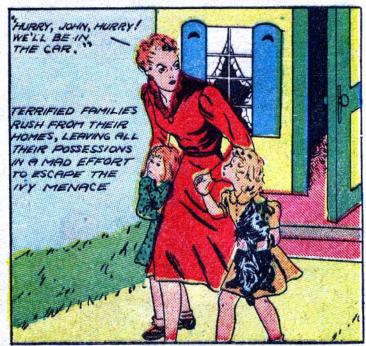


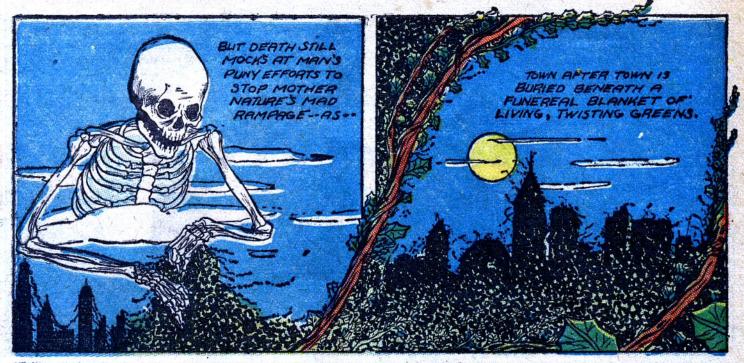


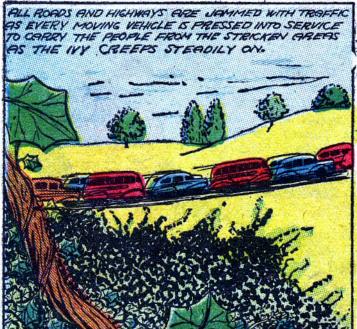






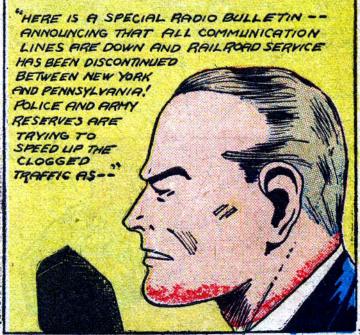












THE NEW YORK SIDE OF THE HOLLAND AND LINCOLN TUNNELS ARE FLOODED WITH POISDNOUS GAS NOT ONLY TO KILL THE PLANT BUT TO SAVE THE TUNNELS FROM CAVING IN.



BUT THE POISON GAS IS OF LITTLE USE IN STOPPING THE IVY AS IT IS ALREADY TWINING AROUND THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE -- TREMBLING BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE HUGE TWISTING VINES, COLLAPSES ENTIRELY.



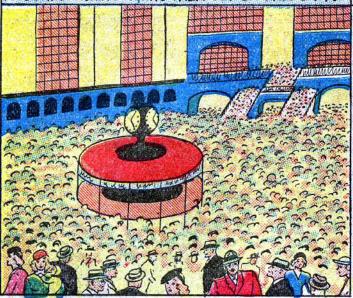
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CALLS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES --- ASKING INFORMATION, OFFERING ADVICE AND VOLUNTEERING HELP IN AN EFFORT TO COMBAT THIS INSIDIOUS MENACE.



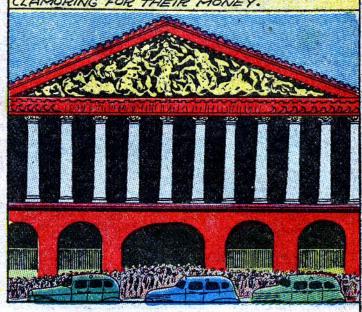
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE MOST TERRIFYING SPECTACLE I HAVE EVER. WITNESSED-THE PLANT IS NOW COVERING THE NEW ELEVATED HIGHWAY AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE -- IT'S MOVING OVER TO BROADWAY -- SPREADING OUT IN

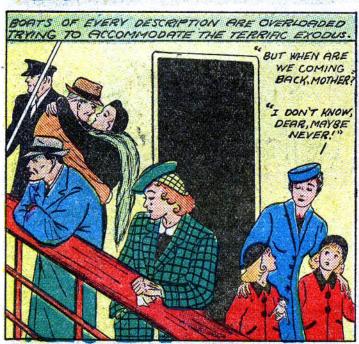


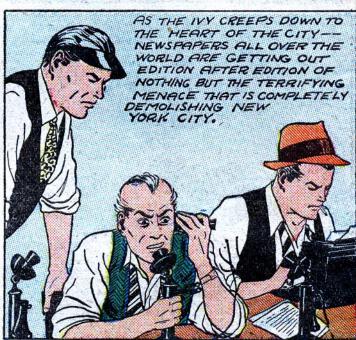
GRAND CENTRAL STATION IS LAMMED AS OVER A MILLION PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE ATTEMPT TO BOARD TRAINS TAKING THEM OUT OF THE CITY.



IN THE MEANTIME HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DEPOSITORS ARE STORMING THE BANKS --CLAMORING FOR THEIR MONEY.





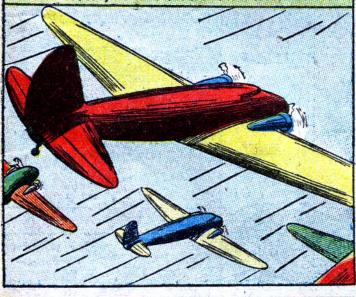




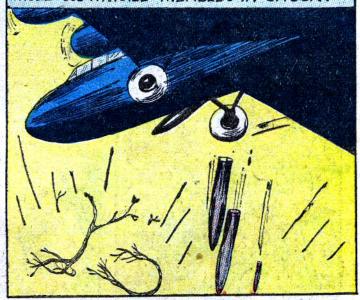




SHORTLY AFTER --- THE UNITED STATES BOMBING PLANES, FLYING IN PERFECT FORMATION, LOOM INTO VIEW.

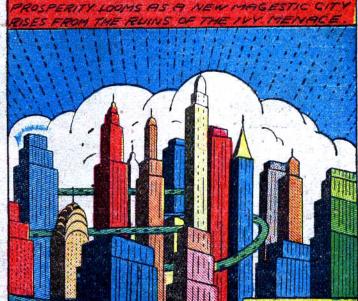


BOMB AFTER BOMB IS RELEASED AS THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE TREMBLES IN SHOCK.

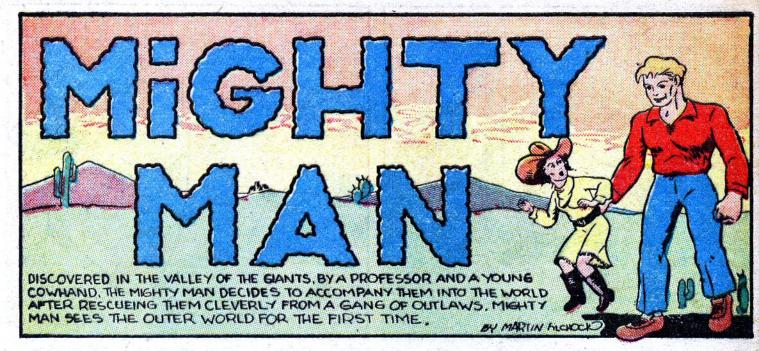


ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY THE HUGE WRITHING YINES SHRIVEL UP -- REVEALING THE CITY IN RUINS WHILE THE RAGING FIRES REDUCE IT TO ASHES.





THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA AND GREATER











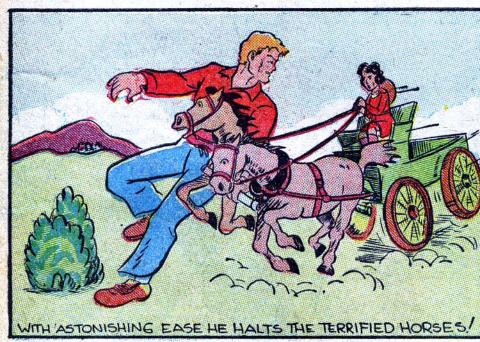


















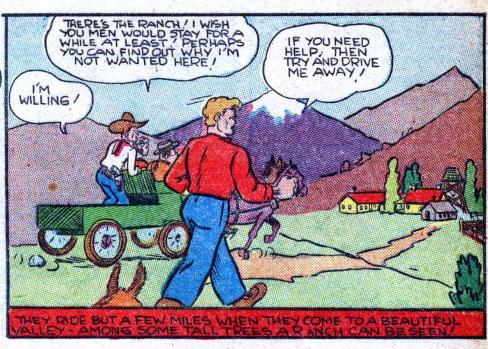
SUNNY IS RIGHT

I DON'T REMEMBER

YESIAM! 1

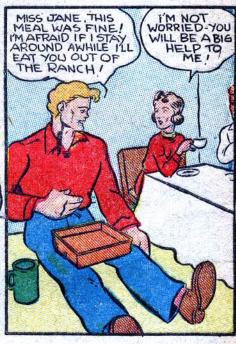
































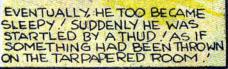




















SUPPENLY THE PILE OF LUMBER BEGAN MOVING - THEN UP POPPED THE MIGHTY MAN - SHAKING THE HUGE TIMBERS FROM HIS SHOULDERS WITH EASE / .



REACHING UNDER THE PILE OF LUMBER
THE MIGHTY MAN PULLS OUT HIS
TWO FRIENDS ! HE HAD PROTECTED
THEM FROM THE FALLING TIMBERS
WITH HIS OWN BODY!





-WITH HIS SHARP EYES GLUED TO THE GROUND - THE MIGHTY MAN BEGAN CIRCLING THE DILE OF BROKEN LUMBER - EACH CIRCLE IS LARGER THAN THE PRECEDING ONE!





MEN, THE PERSON THAT THREW THE DYNAMITE ALSO CUT THE TIMBER ON THE TANK'S STRUCTURE, I JUST FOUND SOME UNBURNT MATCHES ON THE GROUND! THE MAN WHO THREW THE DYNAMITE WAS A MITE NERVOUS HE DROPPED THE MATCHES AND WHEN HE STOOPED TO PICK ONE UP-TO LIGHT THE FUSE! SOME SAWDUST FELL OUT OF HIS POCKET



-IT'S PRETTY HARD TO SAW WOOD
FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND WITH
OUT GETTING IT INTO A SHIRT
POCKET! YOU MEN WITH SHIRS
ON COME HERE! MISS JANE
YOU GO AND BRING IN THE OTHER
SHIRTS FROM THE BUNK HOUSE
MAYBE YOU BOYS DON'T KNOW
A THING ABOUT THIS ANY HOW
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!





SHORE IT WAS ME THAT DONE IT! I FIGGERED THET IF I PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY I COULD FINISH WHAT I STARTED! MISS JANE'S UNCLE SAID-BEFORE HE DED-THET IF SHE DIDN'T LIVE ON THIS RANCH A YEAR OR IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER-THEN I'D GET THIS OUTFIT ME AND HIM WAS OLD PARDS!



-WITH HIS GUN IN JANE'S BACK HE SPEAKS TO THE MIGHTY MAN DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL PLUGTHIS GAL! SLIM. YOU SADDLE ME A BRONC I'M GOING TO MAKE MY GETAWAY AND MISS JANE IS GOING TO HELP! DON'T ANY BODY FOLLOW ME IF THEY WANT TO SEE THIS LADY





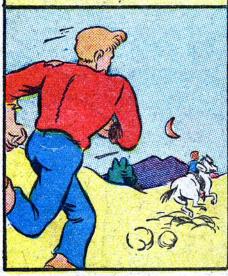
POP AND JAME MOUNT THE HORSE SADDLED BY SLIM! NO ONE DARES TO MAKE ANY ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY!



POP'S PLAN TO ESCAPE SUDDENLY
WENT AMISS! ABOUT HALF A MILE
FROM THE RANCH THE HORSE.
REARED QUICKLY WHEN A JACK
RABBIT FRIGHTENED HIM! JANE
WAS THROWN TO THE GROUND!



POP SEALED HIS DOOM WITH THIS DASTERDLY ACT! THE MIGHTY MAN SEEING ALL THIS - DASHES AFTER POP! GAINING GROUND WITH EVERY STRIDE!



THE OTHER'S RUSH TO AID MISS
JANE WHO THEY BELIEVE IS
INTURED BADL





